

Goodbye, Diarrhea

by C.E. Forman

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Summary: Daria's last days in Highland. (A Daria/Beavis-and-ButtHead crossover.)

Goodbye, Diarrhea

One-sentence summary: Daria's last days in Highland. (Daria/Beavis and Butt-Head crossover)

Okay, definite change of pace this time, and I hope it doesn't completely alienate fans of my previous work. I swore I would never, ever do a crossover, but the ideas for this one just kept popping into my head and I couldn't get rid of them. That and the fact the crossover actually makes sense convinced me to go ahead with it. Plus the show's writers kind of brushed the whole spin-off thing under the rug (which is fine, great even, I think the show's better because of it), so I thought it'd be neat to explain some of the differences between the Daria of the two shows. Read my notes at the end for some of the really subtle details I slipped in.

I used to do "B&B" fanfic several years back, when it was in its prime. For those of you who aren't former "B&B" fans, be warned, the language is pretty coarse compared to my "Daria" fics. If you think you'll be offended, don't read it. (Actually if you've liked my previous work I suspect you'll read this one regardless, which is somehow really funny.) If this even merits any feedback I'll be genuinely surprised, but I'm going to ask nicely for it anyway. At least let me know if you got a couple of laughs out of it.

(Beavis and Butt-Head are not role models. They're not even human. They're cartoons. Some of the things they do would cause a person to get hurt, expelled, arrested, possibly deported. To put it another way: Don't try this at home.)

(...la la LA la la...)

Daria in "Good Bye, Diarrhea"

Written by C.E. Forman (ceforman@worldnet.att.net)

BEGIN ACT 1.

EXT.: HIGHLAND HIGH SCHOOL, AFTERNOON, THURSDAY.

CUT TO:

INT.: MR VANDRIESSEN'S CLASSROOM.

(Mr VanDriessen -- the long-haired hippie in the peace-sign T-Shirt -- is addressing the class.)

VANDRIESSEN: Finally, I'd like to wish everyone a nice Easter Break, although I am saddened to have to announce that one of your fellow students will not be returning to Highland High. Daria Morgendorffer is moving away and this is her last day here with us, class.

(Cut to Daria, in a black leather jacket and red skirt, with a small diamond-shaped pendant necklace around her neck. She doesn't look at all thrilled that VanDriessen has gone and singled her out in front of the whole class. Fortunately for her, no one cares enough to look over at her. Back to VanDriessen.)

VANDRIESSEN: So as a special treat, today we'll be having a farewell party--

(Cut to back of the classroom, where Beavis and Butt-Head are busy trying to poke each others' eyes out with pencils. At the word "party" they jolt to attention.)

VANDRIESSEN: (Continues.) --for Daria here after school.

BUTT-HEAD: Whoa! Huh-huh. Did you hear that, Beavis?

BEAVIS: Yeah, heh-heh. Ummmm... what? Heh.

BUTT-HEAD: VanDriessen's like, having a party here after school! Huh-huh.

BEAVIS: Really? Heh heh-heh. Parties \*rule\*! I bet he invites, like, lotsa hippies and stuff. Mheh-heh.

BUTT-HEAD: Uh-huhhuh. Yeah. Huhhuh. Hippies.

BEAVIS: I heard hippie chicks like, do it all the time! Hehheh. I bet we score! Heh heh, m heh-heh.

BUTT-HEAD: Huh-huh. This is gonna be cool. Huhhuh. We're there, dude.

BEAVIS: M-ehheh heh. Heh-heh.

(Butt-Head seizes the opportunity and jabs the pencil in Beavis's eye.)

BEAVIS: \*AAAAAAHHHH\*!!!! Hehheh.

BUTT-HEAD: Huh huh huh. That was cool.

JUMP-CUT TO:

INT.: VANDRIESSEN'S CLASSROOM, 3:30 P.M.

(A banner proclaiming "Good Bye, Daria" hangs above the blackboard. Students are gathered around, talking and snacking on the chips, cookies and punch set up on Mr VanDriessen's desk. VanDriessen has his guitar and strums a few chords. Daria leans, arms crossed, against the wall, not having a good time. Everyone completely ignores her.)

VANDRIESSEN: (Notices Daria alone, puts down his guitar and goes over to her.) Is something wrong, Daria?

DARIA: Something's always wrong. It's a universal constant.

VANDRIESSEN: Moving-day jitters? Would you like to talk about it?

DARIA: I don't think so.

VANDRIESSEN: Sometimes it helps to share.

DARIA: Not from my experience.

VANDRIESSEN: So... (Trying to strike up a conversation.) Where's your family moving to?

DARIA: (Sighs, decides to humor him.) It's called Lawndale. It's over in--

(At that moment we abruptly cut to the doorway as Beavis and Butt-Head loudly and obnoxiously enter and look around.)

BUTT-HEAD: Dammit! This party sucks! Huh huh.

BEAVIS: Yeah, hehheh. It's like, everyone here's from \*school\* or something! Hehheh heh. Where's all the hippie chicks? Mheh.

BUTT-HEAD: Huh huh, hey Beavis. Let's spike the punch! Huh huh.

(Butt-Head pulls a bottle of Jack Daniels out of his shorts. [Trust me, it's best to not even think about that.] )

BEAVIS: Whoa! M-hehheh! Where'd you get that? Ehheh heh heh-heh!

BUTT-HEAD: McDicker's office. Huh-huh.

BEAVIS: Cool! Gimme some! (Reaches for the bottle.)

BUTT-HEAD: No way, butt-hole! Huh-huh. We hafta like, get the chicks drunk so they'll do it with us! Huh huh huh.

BEAVIS: (Finally gets it.) \*Ohhhh\*, oh, yeah! Yeah! M-hehheh.

(The Duo of Dorkdom heads over to VanDriessen's desk. Butt-Head pours

the entire contents of the bottle into the punchbowl.)

BEAVIS: (Inspecting the food.) Heh heh, no nachos? This \*sucks\*!

(He takes a handful of cookies anyway, eating them in one bite.)

BEAVIS: Mmmm. Heh-heh. Pretty good. (Eats another handful, then grabs a glass and gets himself some punch.)

(Cut to Daria and VanDriessen.)

VANDRIESSEN: (In the middle of talking.) --And when the Bedouins move across the desert to find a new place to set up home, sometimes they take a handful of desert sand along with them.

DARIA: Highland's uninhabitable all right, but it's not a desert.

VANDRIESSEN: (Smiles, thinks she misunderstood, doesn't realize it was a joke.) No, see, the sand is a symbol of the place they've left behind. Maybe it'd help if you found something from Highland you could take along, as a symbol of your life here.

DARIA: A pile of excrement, perhaps?

VANDRIESSEN: (Frowns.) Hmmm...

(VanDriessen's back is turned, but Daria, leaning against the wall, sees what Butt-Head's up to.)

DARIA: Uh, Mr VanDriessen? Butt-Head just spiked the punch.

VANDRIESSEN: What? Oh dear, I suppose I'd better go talk to him... (Turns.) Butt-Head?

(VanDriessen approaches Butt-Head, who's watching Beavis gulp down cup after cup of punch. Finally Beavis gives up and picks up the whole punchbowl, gulping from it and getting quite a bit down the front of his clothes and on the floor too.)

VANDRIESSEN: What the--? Beavis, no! C'mon, put that down!

(Beavis continues to pour punch down his gullet, oblivious.)

VANDRIESSEN: (Tries to pry it away.) Give me the punchbowl, Beavis, mmkay?

(Beavis's head shakes from side to side blindingly and his arms begin shaking. Abruptly, he lets go of the punch bowl, pulls the back of his shirt up over his head and proclaims:)

BEAVIS/CORNHOLIO: \*Nnnnyyaaaaahh\* I am not Beavis! I am the Great Cornholio! I need TP for my bunghole!

(Silence in the room as everyone turns to stare at Beavis.)

DARIA: Oh God, not again... (Shakes her head.)

BEAVIS/CORNHOLIO: Are you threatening me?!

DARIA: I think this is my cue to exit.

(She leaves. VanDriessen is wiping up the mess on the floor and trying to get Beavis and Butt-Head under control, so he doesn't even notice. Nor, apparently, does anyone else.)

BEAVIS/CORNHOLIO: (Points at Daria.) You! You will lead me to the Almighty Bunghole!

(Beavis follows Daria out of the room.)

BEAVIS/CORNHOLIO: The Great Cornholio has spoken!

CUT TO:

INT.: HIGHLAND HIGH SCHOOL, HALLWAY.

(Beavis, hands raised in the traditional Cornholio pose, follows Daria, who tries to ignore him. Butt-Head trails behind Beavis, doing his "huh huh" laugh the whole way.)

BEAVIS/CORNHOLIO: You cannot escape the Almighty Bunghole. I come from Lake Titicaca. My people, they are without bungholes. There is but one Bunghole!... I must have TP for my bungholio. And oleo! I would hate for my bungholio to get polio. Or the dreaded bungholio-scoliosis!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT.: MORGENDORFFER RESIDENCE, HIGHLAND.

(Daria's Highland home is a typical one-story suburban deal, with a sidewalk up to a single stone step by the front door. There's a "FOR SALE" realtor sign with a red "SOLD" stamped diagonally across it. Beavis still follows Daria, with Butt-Head bringing up the rear. [Huh-huh, I said "rear"!])

BEAVIS/CORNHOLIO: (Singing/chanting, walks in a zigzag from one side of the walk to the other.) Bung-hooo-li-oooo-oooooo! I am the Great Corn-hooooo-li-ooooo! I seek the Almiiiiighty Buuu-uuu-uuuu-uuuuu-uuuu-ung-hooooo-li-ooooooooo!

DARIA: (To Butt-Head, indicating Beavis.) What exactly is his problem?

BUTT-HEAD: Huh-huh. He's a dill-hole, huhhuh.

(The trio intercepts Jake just as he's coming out to get the mail.)

JAKE: (Spots Daria.) Oh, hi, kiddo!

BUTT-HEAD: Uh huhhuh, huh-huh huh huh. "Kiddo." Huh huh.

DARIA: (Glares at Butt-Head.) Shut up.

JAKE: (To Beavis, trying to act hip.) Hey-hey, my man, wuzzup?

BEAVIS/CORNHOLIO: Are \*you\* the Almighty Bunghole?

JAKE: (Extends a hand.) Name's Jake, dude, Jake Morgendorffer.

BEAVIS/CORNHOLIO: Do you have any TP? Heh-heh. I must find TP to appease the Almighty Bunghole! For I am the Great Cornholio!

JAKE: (Withdraws the hand when Beavis/Cornholio doesn't shake it.) Whatever, dude, it's cool! Later! (Heads up the sidewalk.)

(Daria, Beavis and Butt-Head watch as a car pulls into the driveway, and Helen gets out.)

HELEN: (On her cellphone.) No, Eric, nothing's changed, we're still heading out tomorrow morning. (Pause.) Well, yes, I suppose I can stop by for a few hours once we get there. (Pause.) No, it's no problem, I'll just let Jake and the girls take care of the unpacking and we can get an early start. I can unpack my things this weekend. (Pause.) Really? Well of course I can come in over the weekend too. I've been reviewing the cases in that portfolio you sent-- (She passes Beavis as she says this part, gives him a look that's a mixture of curiosity and revulsion.)

BEAVIS/CORNHOLIO: Portfolio? I have a portfolio in my bungholio! Hehheh. Would you like to \*see\* my bungholio?

BUTT-HEAD: (To Daria.) Was that like, your family and stuff? Huh huh.

DARIA: Yeah.

BUTT-HEAD: Uh huhhuh huh, they suck.

DARIA: For once, you're genuinely perceptive, Butt-Head.

BUTT-HEAD: Huhhuh, uh huhhuh huh. Families.

BEAVIS/CORNHOLIO: Thee streets will flow with thee blood of non-believers!!

CUT TO:

INT.: DARIA'S ROOM, LATE EVENING.

(Daria's Highland room looks pretty normal. Of course, she's still got the bones and stuff, but no padded walls or filed-away window bars. Most of her other stuff is already packed up in cardboard boxes. Daria is at her desk, writing in her journal.)

DARIA: (Writing voice-over.) "My last night in Highland. Tomorrow morning we shove off for Lawndale. After 16 years, my prayers have been answered." (Beat.) "Mr VanDriessen used his last opportunity to single me out by throwing a farewell party after school. That's one good thing about not bothering to get to know anyone: You don't have to bother saying good-bye either. I think Quinn's still out getting best wishes from her soon-to-be-former friends." (Beat.) "Beavis and

Butt-Head followed me home after school, and my parents finally met them. The timing couldn't have been better. Seeing those two up close should convince Mom and Dad to load up the van and get me the hell out of here as fast as possible." (Beat.) "Mr VanDriessen said I should find something to take along as a memento of this life. So far, I have no ideas. It all seems kind of pointless, clinging tenaciously to a past that's far less depressing if simply forgotten. He ought to know, being a holdover hippie. I wonder if he ever knew Mom and Dad." (Beat.) "Tomorrow I officially turn sixteen, which coupled with the start of a new life would be somehow symbolic if I cared at all. With all their preoccupation with the move, will my family even remember my birthday?" (Beat.) "God, I hope not."

(Daria closes the journal, puts it aside.)

(Music video clip #1. Beavis and Butt-Head watch the video and make off- color commentary.)

(...la la LA la la...)

(COMMERCIAL LEAD-IN: Beavis turning into Cornholio.)

END ACT 1.

(COMMERCIAL. Huh-huh, commercials suck!)

BEGIN ACT 2.

RETURN TO:

EXT.: MORGENDORFFER RESIDENCE, HIGHLAND, FRIDAY MORNING.

(The counters and walls are bare, and the floor is strewn with cardboard boxes taped shut. Daria enters the kitchen to find the rest of her family already seated at the table. This time she's wearing her light brown jacket and orange skirt with leggings. There's a cake -- it's obviously store- bought -- on the table with candles shaped like a "1" and a "6" and frosting letters spelling "Happy Birthday Dara" -- the bakery screwed up her name.)

JAKE: (Stands up as she comes in.) Happy sixteenth, kiddo!

DARIA: Gee, you'd think I'd've outgrown my childish pet-names by now.

HELEN: Help yourself to the cake, and here's your present, sweetheart!

(Helen takes a wrapped box from her lap, places it on the table in front of Daria's vacant seat. Reluctantly, Daria sits down. Jake unfolds the morning paper and settles back to read.)

DARIA: (Monotone, inspecting the box.) Let's see, it's too small to be a new car, but too big to be a set of \*keys\* to a new car...

(Daria tears open the wrap without a smidgen of enthusiasm, and lifts the lid of the box. Takes out a bright green jacket, a black skirt and a brand new pair of Doc Martens boots.)

HELEN: Hope you like it, sweetie. Quinn picked it out.

QUINN: I just went with the most godawful unsightly combination I could come up with, I figured you'd like it.

DARIA: (Deadpan.) It's beautiful, Quinn.

HELEN: (Initial pleasantries over, she abruptly forgets Daria.) Anyway, Jake, what I was going to tell you was... \*JAKE\*!

(Startled, Jake lowers the paper.)

HELEN: Eric called yesterday afternoon...

JAKE: (Doesn't ring a bell.) Eric?

HELEN: (Impatient.) Yes Jake, \*Eric\*, Eric Schrecter, at the power law firm that signed me on, \*that\* Eric? He asked if I'd mind dropping in first thing when we get into town, he gave me directions, it's actually not that far from our new house so it looks like I'll be able to start spending more time with everyone!

DARIA: (To Quinn.) I'll believe that when I see it.

(Daria stands, gets a napkin and a plastic knife, cuts herself a small piece of cake. Quinn goes to the sink, fills a paper cup -- the glass glasses presumably packed up -- with tap water.)

JAKE: And the rental agency called the other day, they have my office space reserved! Just think, girls: your Dad's getting his very own consulting firm!

DARIA: Thrill-a-minute.

HELEN: (Critical.) They were supposed to have cleared that with you last month! Jake why do you always \*insist\* on leaving things until the very last minute?

DARIA: Speaking of which, when do we officially yank up our roots?

HELEN: (Studies a moving-day schedule she's prepared.) Well, the movers are supposed to get here at eight, and we should have everything loaded by ten and be ready to head out.

JAKE: (Back to reading paper.) And not a day too soon, if you ask me! Helen, did you \*see\* this? (Reads headline.) "Uranium Traces Discovered in Highland Reservoir"!

QUINN: (Drinking from her glass of tap water.) What's uranium, Daria?

DARIA: At last, the mystery of their origin is solved. (Beat.) I think I'm heading out for a bit.

HELEN: Are you all packed?

DARIA: (Rolls her eyes.) Yes, mother. I finished last night.



HELEN: (To Quinn.) How about you?

QUINN: Well I've got all my CDs and stuffed animals packed up, but I'm just leaving most of my good clothes on the hangers because folding might wrinkle them, only I didn't want to pack my everyday outfits in the cedar chest because it makes them smell funny. Plus I still have all my cosmetics, I left them until this morning so I could do my makeup before we leave, I mean I sure don't want to show my face in a whole new town when it's not even made up yet!

DARIA: (Sardonic.) You never get a second chance to make a first impression.

QUINN: \*Exactly\*, Daria!

DARIA: (Moving toward door.) I'll be back by ten.

JAKE: Where ya headed, kiddo?

DARIA: I think I'll go over and see what Beavis and Butt-Head are up to.

QUINN: (Disbelief.) \*Butt\*-Head?!

DARIA: His mom was high on hospital morphine when she named him.

HELEN: Daria, I'm not sure I like the idea of you hanging around those two boys, they seem like nothing but trouble.

JAKE: Oh, I dunno, I met them yesterday and they seemed pretty cool-- (Changes his tone as Helen steps on his foot under the table.) \*I'll\* say they're trouble!

HELEN: Especially the blond-haired boy, he just seems so... disturbed.

DARIA: That's an understatement if ever there was one.

JAKE: (Looking at paper.) Oh my God, listen to \*this\*! (Reads newspaper headline.) "Teenage Troublemakers Bulldoze Elderly Neighbor's Living Room"!

HELEN: Your father and I are just concerned for you is all. We'd hate to see anything happen to you, you girls mean so much to us-- (Helen's cellphone rings, she answers it.) Hello? Oh \*hi\*, Eric. (Beat.) No no, of \*course\* you're not interrupting anything important!

DARIA: I'm sixteen now Mom, and I'm a lot more mature and responsible than some adults.

JAKE: We know, sweetie, it's just that... you see, Daria... boys your age can sometimes try to... umm... (He looks really uncomfortable here.) ...touch you in... places...

DARIA: Relax, Dad. I have pepper spray.

QUINN: (In her own little world.) All I can say is this new town

\*better\* have a Cashman's. And at least one mall, preferably three.

(Helen, who's been following both conversations at once, wraps up her call with Eric, turns back to her daughter.)

HELEN: Why \*do\* you insist on hanging around them anyway, Daria?

DARIA: I guess their stupidity amuses me. (Beat.) But mostly to freak you and Dad out.

JAKE: (Burst of laughter.) That's a good one, kiddo!

HELEN: Jake, I don't think she's joking this time.

JAKE: (To Daria, hopeful.) Are you?

DARIA: Nnno.

CUT TO:

EXT.: BUTT-HEAD'S HOUSE.

(Daria rings the doorbell.)

CUT TO:

INT.: BUTT-HEAD'S HOUSE.

(Beavis and Butt-Head are watching TV.)

BEAVIS: Dammit! That better not be Stewart again! Hehheh.

CUT TO:

EXT.: BUTT-HEAD'S HOUSE.

DARIA: (Calls out, when they don't answer.) Hey! Beavis! Butt-Head!

CUT TO:

INT.: BUTT-HEAD'S HOUSE.

DARIA'S VOICE: (From outside.) Anybody home?

BEAVIS: Whoa! Hehheh. Hey, Butt-Head, that sounded like a chick's voice! Mheh-heh!

BUTT-HEAD: Cool! A chick! Huh huh. Uh, I'll get it!

BEAVIS: No way, butt-hole, I heard it first! Hehheh.

(Beavis and Butt-Head punch and kick each other in a struggle to get to the door first.)

CUT TO:

EXT.: BUTT-HEAD'S HOUSE.

(The door opens, with Beavis and Butt-Head still at each other's throats. Then they see who their visitor is.)

BUTT-HEAD: Oh. It's just Daria. Huh-huh.

BEAVIS: Umm... so? I was still right. Heh hehheh. I mean, she's like, a chick. Heh mhehheh. Sort of. Heh heh.

BUTT-HEAD: I meant a \*real\* chick, dumbass! Huhhuh. (Butt-Head goes back to the couch.)

BEAVIS: Dammit. Heh heh. (Sees her still standing there.) Ummm... Hey, Diarrhea! Hehheh. M ehheh hehheh heh-heh.

(Music video clip #2. Beavis and Butt-Head watch the video and make off- color commentary.)

(...la la LA la la...)

(COMMERCIAL LEAD-IN: The door opening to reveal Beavis and Butt-Head.)

END ACT 2.

(COMMERCIAL. Heh-heh, yeah, commercials suck!)

BEGIN ACT 3.

RETURN TO:

INT.: BUTT-HEAD'S HOUSE.

(The two boys are on their respective spots on the couch. Daria stands nearby.)

DARIA: Hey, Beavis. Butt-Head.

BEAVIS: Hey Diarrhea, hehheh. Are you like, all wet and runny? Hehheh.

BUTT-HEAD: Uh huhhuh, huh huh-huh huh-huhhuh, huh huh huh!

BEAVIS: M heh, mhehheh eh hehheh heh hehheh, heh-heh hehheh, heh!

DARIA: God you two are immature.

BEAVIS AND BUTT-HEAD: (Chanting, playing air-guitars.) Diarrhea, cha-cha-cha! Diarrhea, cha-cha-cha! When you're running out to first and feel your ass about to burst, Diarrhea, cha-cha-cha! Diarrhea, cha-cha-cha! When you're going around second and you know you'll never make it, Diarrhea, cha-cha-cha! Diarrhea, cha-cha-cha! When you're sliding into third and you feel a big wet turd, Diarrhea, cha-cha-cha! Diarrhea, cha-cha-cha--

DARIA: (Thought VO.) The really sad thing is, this is the most intellectually stimulating thing I could think of to occupy my last two hours in this town. (Interrupts their chant.) So what are you guys up to? I mean, besides behaving like complete neanderthals.

BEAVIS AND BUTTHEAD: (Laughing at their chant.) Huhhuh, uhhuhhuh, huh-huh. Uh huhhuh, huh huh-huhhuh. Mheh. M-ehheh heh hehheh, ehheh-hehheh heh ehheh, heh.

BEAVIS: Ummm, hehheh. Well first we like, watched TV, heh heh. Then like, Butt-Head went to take a dump, mhehheh hehheh, and I spanked my monkey a bit, m-eh hehheh heh, hehheh, ehheh! Then like, I guess we like, watched some more TV or something, hehhehheh. Then somebody came to the door, and we thought it was a chick, m hehheh, but it turned out it was just Diarrhea! Hehheh. That sucked! Ummm... (Realizes Daria's the one he's been talking to.) Ohhhh, oh yeah. M-hehheh heh. Yeah. Heh heh.

DARIA: Sorry I asked.

BUTT-HEAD: Huhhuh, you can like, watch TV with us if you want. Huh huh.

BEAVIS: Yeah, heh ehhehheh-heh. National Geographic Explorer's on next, m-heh heh hehheh. Sometimes they show bare ass! Heh.

BUTT-HEAD: You can like, sit down and stuff. Huh huh.

(Beavis and Butt-Head move over to give Daria room. She's about to sit down when she sees a fresh wet spot on the couch.)

DARIA: (Repulsed.) Umm, no thanks, you guys. I think I'll just stand.

(Butt-Head changes the channel, and a familiar show appears, with a close- up of an equally familiar partially-bulldozed house.)

ANNOUNCER: Bulldozing bandits, right here on "Sick, Sad World"!

(Back to Beavis and Butt-Head on the couch. Daria leans against the wall, also watching.)

BUTT-HEAD: Cool! Huhhuh. Check it out, Beavis! That looks like Anderson's house! Huh huh huhhuh.

(Closeup of the TV. The interviewer lady with the suit and accent holds a microphone up for Mr Anderson.)

INTERVIEWER: So you say these two boys drove a bulldozer right through your living room?

ANDERSON: That's whut I'm sayin'. I tell ya, if I hadn't been in the kitchen gittin' me a beer right then, they'da damn near run me over too! Them two boys looked dang familiar, too...

BEAVIS: Cool, hehheh! That old dude even \*looks\* like Anderson! Hehheh!

BUTT-HEAD: Yeah, huhhuh. And someone bulldozed \*his\* living room, too!

DARIA: (Sardonic.) Life imitates art, or vice-versa?

BUTT-HEAD: Uhhhh... what?

BEAVIS: Yeah! Ummm... what? Hehheh.

DARIA: (Not worth the effort of clarifying it, topic change.) Believe it or not, I came over here for a reason, guys. I'm moving today, and--

BUTT-HEAD: Whoa! Huhhuh. You mean you're like, moving away and stuff?

DARIA: (Sighs.) Yes. Didn't you hear VanDriessen mention it yesterday?

(Blank looks from both boys.)

DARIA: Yesterday in \*class\*? At \*school\*?

(Again with the blank looks.)

DARIA: When he threw me the farewell party? You guys were there, remember?

BUTT-HEAD: That party sucked, huh huh. We didn't even get to score, huhhuh.

BEAVIS: Mhehheh, I scored! Heh hehheh ehheh heh.

BUTT-HEAD: No you didn't, butt-wipe! You like, drank all the punch and then you started talking like a dumbass, huhhuh.

BEAVIS: (Thinking really hard.) Ummm... Really? Hmm. I don't remember that, Butt-Head.

DARIA: The point is, I'm leaving today. And I was wondering if you guys had any suggestions for something I could take with me, something that symbolizes this town.

BUTT-HEAD: Uhhh, huh-huh, how 'bout like, a turd? Huh huh huh.

BEAVIS: M-hehheh, yeah, heh heh. \*Poop!\* Hehheh!

DARIA: Believe me, I've considered it. (Looks at her watch.) Actually, maybe I'd better just head back. It's almost ten. You can come if you'd like.

BUTT-HEAD: Uh huhhuh, huh-huh. "Come."

CUT TO:

EXT.: MORGENDORFFER RESIDENCE, HIGHLAND.

(Jake, Helen and two moving men are loading up the last of the stuff into the car and moving van, both parked at the curb. [The movers, incidentally, are the same two men Beavis and Butt-Head once helped rob Stewart's house.] Quinn sits on the front step, tying her shoe.

Her hair's in a ponytail like she had it in "Teachings of Don Jake."  
Daria, Beavis and Butt-Head arrive.)

BUTT-HEAD: (To Helen.) Uhh, hey Diarrhea's mom! Huh-huh.

BEAVIS: Yeah, m-hehheh. Ummm... since like, Diarrhea came out of you,  
hehheh, are you like, a butt? M ehheh heh heh-ehheh heh, hehheh!

BUTT-HEAD: Huhhuh, uh huhhuh huh, huh-huh!

(Helen grimaces in disgust, holds her nose, pushes past them. Quinn  
spots the two boys and comes over.)

QUINN: Hi!

BEAVIS: Whoa, check it out, Butt-Head! Heh-heh!

BUTT-HEAD: (Eyes wide.) Whoa! Huhhuh. (Puts a hand on Quinn's  
shoulder.) Hey baby, huhhuh. Wanna like, do it?

BEAVIS: No way, fartknocker, I saw her first!

BUTT-HEAD: You wish, buttwipe! Now get outta here before I kick your  
ass!

(Daria goes to the car's open trunk, digs around in a toolbox,  
extracts a screwdriver.)

BEAVIS: I'll kick you in the 'nads, you wussy!

(Beavis and Butt-Head throw each other to the ground, punching and  
kicking.)

QUINN: (Folds her hands demurely, smiles with quiet delight.) No,  
\*stop\*! You guys don't have to fight over \*me\*!

(Helen comes out the front door in casual clothes, toting a small  
suitcase. She's on the phone again.)

HELEN: We're leaving right now, Eric, as I speak--

(As soon as Helen's back is turned, Daria uses the screwdriver to  
remove the doorknob.)

DARIA: (Aloud, to herself.) It may not be poetic, but I guess it  
symbolizes people's intelligence around here.

(She pockets the doorknob.)

HELEN: (On phone.) --I've got a change of clothes here, I can change  
at a rest stop on the way--

(Helen notices Quinn watching Beavis and Butt-Head fight.)

HELEN: One moment, Eric. (Nudges Quinn toward the car.) C'mon, honey,  
we're going. (To Beavis and Butt-Head.) And you two, get the \*hell\*  
away from my daughter!

(Quinn climbs into the middle of the front seat. Beavis and Butt-Head

get up and follow Daria to the Morgendorffer car. The backseat of the car is filled with Quinn's hanging clothes.)

JAKE: Sorry, kiddo, car's full. Room with the movers, though.

DARIA: That's okay, I didn't want to be cooped up with you three anyway.

(She opens the van's passenger door to climb in.)

DARIA: (Turns to Beavis and Butt-Head.) Bye, guys. It's been... educational.

BUTT-HEAD: Yeah, huh-huh. Like, goodbye, Diarrhea, or something. Huhhuh.

BEAVIS: Yeah, m-hehheh. Bye, Diarrhea! \*FLUSH\*!! Hehheh mheh heh heh-heh, eh hehhehheh heh, mheh!

DARIA: If you ever learn how to write, drop me a postcard.

(Daria gets in and closes the door. Beavis and Butt-Head turn and head back home.)

BUTT-HEAD: Daria's cool, huhhuh.

BEAVIS: Yeah, heh-heh. She's like, the only chick who ever talked to us who like, didn't tell us to get the hell away from her. Heh, hehheh.

BUTT-HEAD: Huhhuh, I bet she would've done it with us if we'd asked, huhhuh.

BEAVIS: Yeah, hehheh. I think she wanted us!

BUTT-HEAD: She wanted \*me\*, dillweed.

BEAVIS: Asswipe!

BUTT-HEAD: Monkey-spank!

BEAVIS: Bunghole!

BUTT-HEAD: Turd-burglar!

BEAVIS: Choadsmoker!

BUTT-HEAD: Buttknocker!

BEAVIS: Don't call me a buttknocker, you son of a bitch!

(Beavis and Butt-Head disappear over the horizon, still throwing names at each other.)

(Cut to the two vehicles starting and pulling away from the old Morgendorffer house. In the car, Jake, Helen and Quinn take a last backward glance with just a hint of wistful sadness. Daria, expressionless, faces the road ahead, never looking back. As the car and van pull away, kick up the music for the closing montage and

credits. [It's several years old, and by a now-dead band, but I find myself thinking "She Doesn't Live Here Anymore" by Roxette.]

BEGIN MUSIC-BACKED MONTAGE SEQUENCE, WITH DARIA...

...standing in front of the class giving a science project report with Beavis and Butt-Head. ...standing outside a tattoo parlor while the boys talk about what kind of tattoos they want. ...watching with amusement as Beavis and Butt-Head attempt to grow corn in their backyard for Mr VanDriessen's class. ...stopping at a lemonade stand the boys have set up. ...talking to Beavis and Butt-Head in an art museum. ...at swimming lessons as Mr Buzzcut uses Beavis and Butt-Head as CPR dummies. ...talking to Beavis and Butt-Head outside the Maxi Mart. ...pointing and smirking as Beavis and Butt-Head emerge from the school wearing just their underwear. ...assisting Beavis and Butt-Head with a magic disappearing trick in the school's variety show. ...seated in class as Beavis/Cornholio stands beside her desk. ...watching Beavis and Butt-Head mud-wrestle in bikini tops in their front yard. ...meeting President Clinton in the Highland High School gym. ...actually laughing along with the rest of the class as Beavis and Butt-Head try to go an entire day without laughing. ...dressed up in a Burger World uniform, working with Beavis and Butt-Head. ...showing Beavis and Butt-Head the proper way to change a tire. ...with her face painted like a skull on Halloween, letting Beavis and Butt-Head into the party at her house. ...as Beavis and Butt-Head "help" her string popcorn for her Christmas tree. ...snapping a picture of Beavis and Butt-Head, who are pantsless, with racquetball eyepatches over their genitals. ...sitting on the couch between Beavis and Butt-Head, smirking.

END MONTAGE SEQUENCE.

(CREDITS AND CUTE LITTLE RENDERINGS OF THE CHARACTERS. THIS TIME, SHOW ALTER-EGOS OF DARIA, QUINN, JAKE, HELEN, BEAVIS, BUTT-HEAD AND VANDRIESSEN.)

(Time the montage and credits to allow the song to be played in its entirety, ending with the really cool drums-and-guitar riff at the "MTV Animation" screen. That would be cool, huh-huh.)

THE END

Author's Notes:

Why set the story just before Easter Break? Working from "Esteemsters", I saw the calendar in the Morgendorffers' kitchen is turned to May 12 (kind of odd for them to have so much happen to Daria before the end of her sophomore year, admittedly). I figured it'd take several days for the Morgendorffers to move and get settled in -- especially since I don't know for sure where Lawndale is -- so I wanted a longer vacation period than a single weekend. Easter break was as close as I could get, plus it's one of the few holidays that doesn't have a specific date associated, meaning I could still be somewhat vague about the exact date of Daria's birthday (about which the show may very well prove me wrong).

Speaking of which. It was mentioned several times on "Beavis and Butt-Head" that the boys were 15 years old. I'd assumed Daria was the same age while on "B&B", but we know from the "Daria Day" marathon that she's now 16. Turning 16 the day of the move (i.e. the



day she moved from "B&B" to her own show) was really just a cute joke about the crossover and a way to explain Daria's change in outfit. Don't take it too seriously. As for why Beavis and Butt-Head had never seen Quinn before, I'm still at a loss to explain. Anyone?

The description of Daria's Highland house comes from a couple of issues of the "Beavis and Butt-Head" comics. It was never seen on the show itself, and in the comics only the front yard and living room were ever shown. Jake, Helen and Quinn never appeared in either the comics or the show. The only reference even made to Daria's family was in an episode where she announces to the boys, "My parents made me join the school paper." (Which, amazingly enough, actually does fit with the "Daria" show -- see the forced-music-camp discussion in "Cafe Disaffecto".)

I refer to the house where the boys watch TV as "Butt-Head's house", because, despite some evidence on the show that could be interpreted as contrary, numerous episodes and videos clearly identify it as such. (And I co-maintained the B&B FAQ for 2 years, so don't question me on this. B-)

Daria had two outfits during the "B&B" run, neither of which matched her current one. In the really early episodes hand-drawn by Mike Judge himself, she appeared in the light-brown jacket and orange skirt, with leggings and shoes instead of boots. Once the "B&B" crew started shipping out the episodes to Korea for production, Daria's jacket changed to black leather and her skirt to red. In both cases, she also had the diamond-shaped pendant necklace.

Daria's theft of the doorknob and her riding in the moving van were taken from her first journal entry in "The Daria Diaries." Using the movers from the episode with Stewart just felt right.

About the ending montage: All of the scenes are from actual "Beavis and Butt-Head" episodes, with the following exceptions: The tattoo parlor, lemonade stand, Halloween and Christmas scenes are from various issues of the "B&B" comic book. The magic show and Burger World scenes are lifted from the two pieces of my own "B&B" fan-fiction that featured Daria.

I put \*way\* more thought into this than it merited, didn't I?

[Disclaimer: "Daria", "Beavis and Butt-Head", and all related characters are trademarks of MTV Networks, a division of Viacom International Inc., and are used here without permission for the purpose of fan fiction. I suppose if you represent MTV's legal department (dumbasses!) you could sue, but think about it, what's it really going to get you? I mean, \*I\* sure don't have any money, and there's like fifty other people writing these fan stories, so you might as well just live with it and maybe learn to appreciate the fact that your show has such a loyal, dedicated legion of fans who care enough to write things like this. Of course, you \*could\* just hire us and that'd solve your problem nicely too.]

[This "Daria" fanfic story is copyright 1998 by C.E. Forman but may be distributed freely in unaltered form to fans of "Daria" everywhere, provided the author's name and e-mail address remain intact. Thank you, and good night.]

End  
file.